

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—*Goethe*

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VOL. 40—No. 22

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861

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5d. Stamped

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place on 7th June, at St. James's Hall. Eminent Vocal and Instrumental artists are engaged. Particulars in Future Advertisements. 155 Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

**Mlle. CAROLINE VALENTIN** has the honour to announce her **MATINEE MUSICALE**, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 7th. Vocalists: Madame RIDEH, Mlle. ELVINA BEHRENS, Miss RACHEL GRAY, and Miss PALMER; Mr. GEORGE PERREN and Herr HERMANS. Instrumentalists: M. OLE BULL, M. PAQUE, Mlle. VALENTIN. Conductors: Herr WILHELM GANZ, M. GITS, and Mr. SIDNEY SMITH. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s.; of Mlle. VALENTIN, 6 Duke Street, Manchester Square; of Messrs. Ashdown and Parry, 18 Hanover Square; and of D. Davison and Co., 241 Regent Street.

**MISS HELEN McLEOD** begs to announce that she will give her Second ANNUAL CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the EVENING of TUESDAY, the 4th June, when she will be assisted by the following artists:—Vocalists: Mlle. ELVINA BEHRENS, Miss HELEN McLEOD, Mr. TENNANT, Herr HERMANS, and Signor CIADATTA. Instrumentalists: Miss ANNIE ELLIOT, Herr F. HAGAR, from the Conservatoire at Leipzig (his first appearance in England), Herr LIDEL, and Herr OBERTHUR. Conductors: Herr WILHELM GANZ and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets, admitting three, one guinea; unreserved seats, 5s.; to be procured at the principal Music Shops, and at Miss H. McLeod's, 23 Alfred Street, Thurlow Square, W.

**MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERTS** of Solo and Concerted PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Hanover Square Rooms. Programme of the Third, TUESDAY EVENING, June 11th:—Quintet, in F minor (Dussek); Fantasia, Op. 77, Pianoforte Solo (Beethoven); Sonata, Pianoforte and Violoncello (Walter Macfarren); Solo (Walter Macfarren); Trio, in D, Op. 70 (Beethoven). Artists: Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE, Signor PIATTI, Mr. BLAKESTONE, Mr. WALTER MACFARREN, Mr. FRANCISCO BERGER. Vocal: Miss BANKS, and Miss PALMER. Programme illustrated by G. A. MACFARREN. Tickets, 10s. 6d., of Mr. Walter Macfarren, 58 Albert Street, N.W.

**HERR OBERTHUR** begs to announce that his MORN-ING CONCERT will take place on MONDAY, the 10th of June, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Vocalists: Miss STAEBACH, Miss E. WILKINSON, Miss E. ARMSTRONG, and Mr. TREAWNY COBHAM. Instrumentalists: Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Miss L. V. TAUST, Miss BUCKLEY, Mr. TAUST, Herr OBERTHUR, Mr. LAZARUS, Signor REGONDI, Herr RIES and Herr LIDEL. Conductors: Herr W. GANZ, Herr A. RIES and M. EMILE BERGER. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., at the principal Musiciansellers, and of Herr Oberthür, 14 Cottage Road, Westbourne Park Terrace, W.

**MR. DEACON** begs to announce Three Séances of CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, to take place at 16 Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (by the kind permission of Charles Collier, Esq.), on the mornings of SATURDAY, June 8th, SATURDAY, June 15th, and THURSDAY, July 4th. In the course of the Series he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Violin, Herr STRAUSS, Mr. CARROUS, Mr. CLEMENTI and Mr. SAINTON; Viola, Herr BAETENS; and Violoncello, Signor PEZZE. Pianoforte, Mr. DEACON. Tickets (reserved and numbered), for the Series, One Guinea; for a Single Concert, Half-a-Guinea. To be had of Mr. E. W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street; and of Mr. Deacon, 4 Duesch Street, Portland Place.

**MR. W. G. CUSINS' ANNUAL MORNING CON- CERT**, Willis's Rooms, Saturday next, June 8th, half-past Two. Vocalists: Mesdames PAREPA, Louisa Vining, Augusta Thomson, Lascelles, and Rieder; Messrs. Tennant, Whiffin, and Santley. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Buzlaw, Pratten, Stiglich, Paque, Nicholson, Blagrove, Rowland, W. G. Cusins. Conductors. Messrs. Harold Thomas, Baumer, and George Russell. Stalls, 10s. 6d., tickets for three, 21s. (to be obtained only of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 33 Manchester Street, W.); unreserved seats, 7s.; tickets for three, 15s.; at the principal Music Warehouses.

**MR. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL'S ANNUAL Grand MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place on FRIDAY next, June 7th, at three o'clock, at 34 Dover Street, Piccadilly, when he will perform his Newest Compositions:—"L'ange Gardien," "Trobador et Châtelaine." Signor GARDONI will sing Mr. Blumenthal's new song, entitled "An Evening Song."—Vocalists, Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Signor GARDONI, Signor SOLIERI, and M. LEFORT. Tickets and Programmes at the usual places, and at Mr. Blumenthal's, 134 Sloane Street.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT** begs to announce that his Grand ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place at the above Hall TUESDAY EVENING, June 25th. Tickets may be obtained at the principal Musiciansellers and at the Hall.

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**HERR MOLIQUE'S EVENING CONCERT** at the Hanover Square Rooms, THURSDAY next, at half-past eight o'clock. Vocalists: Mesdames LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and PALMER; Signor BELLETTI and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Instrumentalists: Mlle. ANNA MOLIQUE, Signor REGONDI, Signor PIATTI and Herr MOLIQUE. Conductor: Signor RANDEGGER. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets, 7s. 6d., to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., at the principal Musiciansellers, and of Herr Molique, 30 Harrington Square, Mornington Crescent.

**MADAME OURY'S ANNUAL MATINEE MUSI- CALE** will take place on WEDNESDAY June 26th, at 16, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

**MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT.**—St. James's Hall.—Mad. Albani and Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mad. Lemaire and Mlle. Artot; Messrs. Gardoni and Giuglini, Belart and Belletti, Delle Sedie and Clampi, Herr Formes, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Vocal Association (600 voices), Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Ole Bull, M. Wieniawski, Signor Piatti, and a full and complete Orchestra, will appear at Mr. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT on MONDAY, June 24th. The programme will be published on Monday, June 3rd. Sofa and Balcony Stalls, one guinea each; Reserved Seats, Balcony, and Area, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; Gallery 3s.; at Mr. Benedict's, 2 Manchester Square, W.

**M. PAQUE'S MATINEE MUSICALE, MONDAY,** 3rd of June (by the kind permission of the most noble the Marchioness of Downshire), 24 Belgrave Square. Artists: Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Mad. RIEDER, Miss GRAY, &c.; Messrs. SAINTON, BENEDICT, CUSINS, KLEINE, OULD, PAQUE, WM. GANZ, RUMMEL, GITS. To commence at Three o'clock. A few tickets to be had at Messrs. Schott and Co., and at M. Paque, 120 Great Portland Street.

**M. SAINTON'S FOURTH and LAST SOIREE** will take place at No. 5 Upper Wimpole Street, Wednesday, June 12, at half-past Eight o'clock. Programme:—Quartet in A, No. 3 (Schumann); trio, Marschner in G minor; quartet in E minor, No. 8 (Beethoven); solos, pianoforte and violoncello. Executants: MM. SAINTON, BERTH, Doyle, Piatti; pianoforte, M. C. Hallé; vocalist, Herr Dalle Aste. Tickets, half a guinea, to be had of the principal Musiciansellers, and of M. Sainton, at his residence.

**MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Picca- SONG.**—FIFTH WEEK. "THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF Mr. Fred. Penna will give his New and Popular Entertainment, EVERY EVEN- ING at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Piano- forte, Mad. PENNA, who will perform a Sonata by Beethoven. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

**JUNE 21st.—HERR ENGEL'S CONCERT.**—Full particulars will be announced.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—ANTIGONE** at the next New Philharmonic Concert, St. James's Hall, MONDAY EVEN- ING, June 3, and Public Rehearsal Saturday afternoon, June 1st.

**THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Third Season.—PROGRAMME of the FOURTH CONCERT**, on Wednesday Even- ing, June 5, at half-past Eight o'clock, at St. James's Hall. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. First Part. Overture, Der Berggeist (Spohr); aria, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard (Sterndale Bennett); air, Signor Gardoni (Boildieu); overture, a "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn). Second Part. Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); duo, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Gardoni, Azor and Zemira (Spohr); overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber). Tickets for the gallery, at 3s. 6d. each, may be obtained of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street; and at Austin's ticket-office, St. James's Hall. N.B. In order to enable the audience to be seated before the commencement of the concert, the doors in Regent Street and Piccadilly will be opened at a quarter to Eight. CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec., St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly, W. 36 Baker Street, Portman Square

**THE RICHMOND MUSICAL SOCIETY'S CON- CERT** will take place on 10th JUNE, at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, under the immediate patronage of their R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary Adelaide. Conductor—W. C. SELLÉ, Mus. Doc. Tickets at Etherington's Music Library.

**MUSICAL ART UNION.—SECOND CONCERT.—**

THURSDAY MORNING, June 20, at Hanover Square Rooms. Orchestra of 60 members. Vocalist, Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Overture (Suite), Bach; Concerto, Pianoforte, Mr. KLINDWORTH, SCHUMANN. Symphony, No. 7 (Beethoven), &c. &c. Conductor, Mr. KLINDWORTH. Illustrative programmes by Mr. G. A. MACFARREN.

Tickets at Cramer's (where stalls may be secured), Addison's, Ewer's, Schott's, D. Davison's, Chappell's, Leader's, Lonsdale's, Olivier's, and Betts's Music Warehouses. Second and Third Concerts, June 20th and July 5th.

Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. H. Blagrove, 11 Hinde Street, W.

**SWISS FEMALE SINGERS.—SCHWEITZER SANGER GESELLSCHAFT.**

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.**—These pleasing and highly amusing CONCERTS will be repeated EVERY AFTERNOON at Three, and EVERY EVENING at Eight. Books of the Words with Translation. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery 1s. Tickets may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; and at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly, W.

\* \* Tenth week, and grand change of Programme.

**HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The Last SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, June 6th, at St. James's Hall.**

Pianoforte: Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Stalls, 5s.; in Balcony or Area, Tickets 3s., 2s., and 1s.

**ROYAL SURREY GARDEN WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**

—Directors, Messrs. CALDWELL and BIRCHOP. A series of TWELVE GRAND CONCERTS will take place on Wednesday Evenings, commencing on June 5th, and to be continued every Wednesday Evening until August 21st. Engagements already concluded. Mad. CATHERINE HAYES and Mlle. PAREPA, Miss LASCELLES and Mad. LEMAIRE, Mr. TENNANT and Mr. SEXTLEY, Signor DELLE SEDIE and HERT FORMES, M. OLE BULL and M. WIENIAWSKI, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD; accompanist, M. EMILE BERGER; Conductor, the PRINCE GEORGE GALATZIN. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, W.

**HERR FORMES** begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, and Private Soirées.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s, Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

**HERR HERMANN'S** begs to announce that he is Free, during the present Season, to Accept Engagements for Concerts and Private Soirées, &c.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, at Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

**Mlle. PAREPA** begs to announce that, having terminated her Engagement with Mr. E. T. Smith, all communications as to Concerts, Oratorios, Festival and Operatic Engagements, are to be made to her, at her residence, No. 50 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.

**MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS** begs to announce her REMOVAL to 50 BEDFORD SQUARE, where she now receives her Friends and Pupils.

**MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS** has the honour to announce that her SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on FRIDAY Evening, June 7th, to commence at 8 o'clock; and her MATINEE MUSICALE on SATURDAY, June 8th, to commence at 3 o'clock, at her residence, 50 Bedford Square.

The most eminent artists will be engaged.

**MRS. EDWARD DAVIES** (late Miss Julia Warman) begs to inform her Friends and the Public that she continues to give LESSONS on the PIANO.

Terms, 23 3s. a Quarter, twice a week, or by the Lesson. 38 Hans Place, Belgrave Square, S.W.

**MISS ANNA WHITTY, from the principal Opera Houses of Italy, is IN TOWN for the Season.**

Communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street.

**THE PSALMODY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE,**

By WILLIAM HORSLEY.

This Work, which has been in preparation for some time, is now nearly ready for the press. The Proprietor will be glad to receive Specimens of Printing and Engraving from any house desirous of undertaking the work, several thousand copies of which will be required.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. William Horsley, 35 Victoria Street, Manchester.

N.B.—A better style than is usually met with is required.

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The Minor on the PERMANENT Principle with its real SIGNATURE.

Edited by Dr. BENNETT GILBERT. Price 2s.

SOUVENIR DE CAMBRIA: Fantaisie Elegante, by BENNETT GILBERT, Price 3s. London: J. H. Jewell, 104 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

**COLLARD and COLLARD'S NEW WEST-END ESTABLISHMENT**, 16 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, where all communications are to be addressed. Pianofortes of all classes for Sale and Hire.

**ROBERT COCKS AND CO'S NEW MUSIC.****LATEST PIANOFORTE PIECES by W. VINCENT**

WALLACE.—"Come where my Love lies dreaming," melody (transcribed), 3s.; "The Shepherd's Roundly," pastoral sketch, 4s.; the "Volunteer Rifles' March," decorated title, 3s.; "La Luvisella," favourite Neapolitan melody (transcribed), 3s.; Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (Fantasia on Airs from), 3s.; "Good News from Home," 3s.

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WALE, for the Piano; 12 books, 3s. each, or in one vol., bound, 21s. Brinley Richards' The Student's Practice for the Piano; 24 books, 2s., 2d. 6d., 3s., and 4s. each. Brinley Richards' The Classical Practice for the Piano; 24 books, 2s. each and upwards.

**ROBERT COCKS' and CO'S UNIVERSAL PIANO-**

FORTE, in Walnut and Rosewood, £23. New Drawing-room Semi-Cottage Pianoforte, 32 guineas. Price list, with drawings of the above and other instruments, gratis and Postage free. Pianos for hire, 12s. a month.

**UN FRAGMENT de MENDELSSOHN (imitation),**

pour Piano, par C. A. CASPER, 2s.

**LATEST PIANOFORTE PIECES by G. F. WEST.—**

"Santa Lucia barcarolle," 3s.; "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer (Fantasia on), 3s.; "Cujus animam," Rossini's "Stabat Mater" (new and improved edition), 3s.; Qui la voce, "I Puritani" (transcribed), 3s.; Perché non ho, "Lucia di Lammermoor" (transcribed), 3s.; Ah! che la Morte, "Il Trovatore" (transcribed), 3s.; Fra poco, "Lucia di Lammermoor" (transcribed), 3s.; "Lucia di Lammermoor," fantasia pour piano, 3s. London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street; and of all Musiciansellers.

**EVANS'S****COTTAGE HARMONIUM**

At SIX GUINEAS,

Has Five Octaves and Two Foot-boards, is in a French-polished Case, and has a soft, subdued, agreeable quality of tone, designed expressly to suit a Cottage or Small Sitting-room.—BOOSEY and CHING, Manufacturers, 24 Holles Street, Oxford Street, W.

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Is in a solid, handsome French-polished Case, and possesses that rich and organ-like quality of tone which particularly distinguishes these Instruments from the French.—BOOSEY and CHING, Manufacturers, 24 Holles Street, Oxford Street, W.

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WITH TWO ROWS OF KEYS,

At 45 and 63 Guineas, without Pedals, and 47 and 130 Guineas, with Pedals,

Although particularly adapted for Churches, are equally effective in the Drawing-room. Not only have the leading members of the profession, including Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Balfe, Potter, Henry Smart, Best, &c., but the Clergy and the Press have also testified to the very great superiority of EVANS'S HARMONIUMS. These Testimonials may be seen upon reference to Boosey and Ching's Illustrated Catalogue of Harmoniums.

The whole of EVANS'S INSTRUMENTS possess that organ-like quality of tone which has been hitherto unattained by any other manufacturer, and are made throughout in the strongest and most substantial manner by the best "ENGLISH WORKMEN." They are neither affected by heat nor damp.

**BOOSEY AND CHING,**  
MANUFACTURERS, 24 HOLLES STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

## Reviews.

"Wagner's celebrated Opera, 'Tannhäuser,' edited for the pianoforte (Boosey and Sons).

This forms No. 21 of "Boosey and Sons' Edition of Standard Operas for Piano Solo," and is unquestionably one of the most interesting of the series. The arrangement has the double merit of being faithful and moderately difficult. Not a piece, not even a recitative, is omitted. Every pianist, amateur or professional, who would like to know something of a man so unmercifully abused by one set of people and so unmercifully praised by another, will here find a sort of epitome of Wagner's *inventive* powers as a composer. What melody he can make is almost absorbed by *Tannhäuser*; for assuredly there is little in *Lohengrin*, none in *Tristan*, and less than none in *Rheingold*. In a letter from Paris a short time since, Wagner politely declines the offer, on the part of the Opera at Prague, to have his *Rheingold* brought out there at present. He (Wagner) "intends to get up a model performance" (next September), of his latest work, *Tristan und Isolde*, which is to be represented by the best artists, selected from all parts of Germany; and the year following there will be a similar performance of *Rheingold*. These performances are to be taken as models for the future. As an important principle is involved, and as the personal superintendence of the author is, in his opinion, absolutely necessary for the proper *mise-en-scène* of the two works, Herr Wagner trusts that no one will feel hurt at his refusal. Happily *Tannhäuser* presents no such extraordinary difficulties—at any rate, not in the very ingenious pianoforte arrangement before us. Wagner should get the anonymous "editor" of the Messrs. Boosey to "edit" his *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, and *Rheingold*, after the same fashion as his *Tannhäuser*. Thus prepared for the most universal of instruments—although, it is true, they become what Herr Wagner styles "hammer-music, they are at least reduced to the ordinary conditions of intelligibility. For our own parts, we have played through this arrangement of *Tannhäuser* with considerable gratification, and can therefore recommend it with the less hesitation. We have also read with great interest and pleasure the masterly analysis of the book, which—under the head of "*Tannhäuser*, and the War of the Minstrels in the Wartburg"—stands as preface to the volume. This last, by the way, is remarkably well got up, correctly, and beautifully printed, and (none will complain of this) wonderfully cheap. If *Tannhäuser* possessed no other recommendation, it can boast of being the best abused opera (*en attendant* its successors) of the present or any other century. This alone must stimulate curiosity. Here moreover it is in the power of a tolerably skilled pianist to do in a couple of hours what it took the *Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse*, under the immediate personal superintendence of Herr Wagner himself, six months to accomplish—and even then by no means to the composer's satisfaction.

"Après l'Orage"—par FREDERIC D'ALQUEN (Ashdown and Parry).

"Après l'Orage," indeed! Why *after* the storm? Why, M. D'Alquen, "after the storm," or "before the storm," or why "storm" at all, or anything else? In the name of the holy brotherhood of Querists, what has the music to do with the title, or the title with the music? Here are two pages in D flat, or thereabouts, filled with calm arpeggios symmetrically arranged in the manner of a mild waistcoat pattern, but

otherwise unsuggestive, followed by two pages of a "pepper" of demisemiquavers enough to make one hoist an umbrella—"after the storm" though it be; and this again, gives way to the final *coup*, in the shape of more arpeggios of rather "louder" design than before. There really is no sort of merit in music of this kind. M. D'Alquen might use his time better than in making such things as can be produced, at per yard, by anyone who chooses to spoil paper in the business."

"Him I love dearest"—words by J. P. DOUGLAS, music by HENRY SMART (Leader & Cock).

If this beautiful song is not speedily on every pianoforte, it will say little for the musical taste of the day. Although—allowing for the very brief *coda* at the end of the second verse, through which the climax, by a simple device (the retention of a bass note, making the harmony, which would otherwise be the full close, a *six-four* instead of a common chord), is so exquisitely deferred—the form is that of the mere ballad, such is the expressive grace of the melody, such the glowing richness of the harmony, that it is as good as a thousand ballads in one. The professed ballad-makers, indeed, might fatten on it for a century. Any one bar—nay, *half-bar*—transplanted from its original place into one of their jumbles of heterogeneous chords and limping make-shift tunes, would shine like a sun in the midst of a morass. Mr. Smart, too, is lucky in having so evident a scorn of twaddle as Mr. J. P. Douglas, for his poet-in-ordinary.

"The Happy Hours," duettino for treble and tenor, words by BARRY CORNWALL, music by HENRY SMART (Leader and Cock.)

What "Him I love best," is as a ballad; the "Happy Hours" is (are?) as a duet. Two voices (of opposite sexes, be it understood) could not possibly unite more melodiously in song. The first theme—for the voices together—is as charming as it is simple; the second, led off by the treble and responded to by the tenor, until they mingle in one sweet strain, is not a whit less engaging. Why is not this music heard at the Monday Popular Concerts? R. S. V. P.—Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

"*Sylvia*"—par CHARLES WEISBECKER (Ashdown and Parry).

Truly a pleasant little piece of pianoforte matter, creditable to the writer, and recommendable to players. It is shaped like a mazurka, and styled so as to make us know that M. Weisbecker is somewhat of a follower of Chopin—not deeply and intimately, as it were, but somewhat reverentially and afar off. Nevertheless, he makes pretty music—Chopin somewhat diluted, and thus more easily accessible to the uninitiated.

ENGLISH OPERA AT CROYDON.—Three entertainments have been given at the Public Hall, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, by Mr. Melchor Winter, and his "Boudoir Opera Company." The opera on Saturday was *Il Trovatore*, with Miss Thirlwall as *Leonora*; Mr. Melchor Winter as *Manrico*, and Mr. Morelle as *The Count di Luna*. Miss Thirlwall unites, with a rich soprano voice, a graceful action and artistic expression. Mr. Melchor Winter is a tenor singer with a voice of sweetness, flexibility, and compass; and on Monday evening, although suffering from a severe cold, it was evident that his vocal powers were of a high order. The same may be said of Mr. Morelle, as a bass singer. The minor parts were all filled up in a creditable manner, and the celebrated "Miserere" chorus was rendered with much effect. The dresses were splendid, and great satisfaction was evinced by the audience.—*Croydon Chronicle*, 25 May.



## THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

(Continued from page 117.)

*Les Rendezvous Bourgeois* owed, doubtless, its sustained vogue, which even now defies the progress of time, to the humorous libretto of Hoffmann\*; but the other works which I have mentioned, subsequently possessed an actual musical value, and though they could not bear a comparison with those of Boieldieu, which are distinguished by greater *verve*, they at any rate contain melodies most seductive from their natural and easy flow. Among the more remarkable pieces in the best productions of Nicolo may be mentioned: the introductory quatuor in *Cendrillon*, in which the heroine's song, "Il était un p'tit homme," is ingeniously interwoven with the motivo of the two sisters, "Arrangeons ces dentelles," and with the basso air, "Ma chère enfant, soyez tranquille!"—the duo between Clorinda and Thisbe in the same opera, "Ah, quel plaisir! Ah, quel beau jour!" Alcindor's air, "Conservez bien cette bonté," and the duo! "Vous l'aimez, donc, avec tendresse." In *Le Billet de Loterie*, the soprano air, which has become classical, "Non je ne veux pas chanter; in *Joconde*, the celebrated air in which Martin was enabled to exhibit the full compass and flexibility of his voice, "J'ai longtems parcouru le monde," the spirited duet, "Ah, monseigneur, je suis tremblante!" the stanzas, "Parmi les filles du canton," in which Mad. Gavandau achieved one of her successes; the quatuor, "Quand on attend sa belle," and lastly, the romanza, "Dans un délire extrême." In *Jeannot et Colin* the charming duet between Colin and Colette, "Tous mes plaisirs étaient les siens," the sweet romanza, "Oh, Jeannot me délaisse!" and the air which has likewise become classical, "J'ai perdu l'ami de mon cœur."

Etienne had entirely succeeded in arranging for the stage a little fable by Perrault, and he ventured to treat in the same manner a tale which La Fontaine had derived from "Orlando Furioso." The task was a more hazardous one; but it succeeded; and *Joconde* obtained an immense money success. The two collaborators, unwilling to allow the public enthusiasm in their favour to grow cool, brought out, before the success of *Joconde* was quite exhausted, *Jeannot et Colin*, a pastoral piece of the utmost simplicity, which succeeded, thanks to the graceful melodies of Nicolo, whose style was, beyond every other, suited to rustic subjects.

Although the scores of *Joconde* and that of *Jeannot et Colin* were superior to that of *Cendrillon*, they did not attain, at the time at least, an equal vogue. In the present day the result would be reversed.

Nicolo injured his health by excesses, which eventually shortened his life. He was not, in fact, more than forty-two when he died, March 23, 1848.

His last moments were embittered by seeing his rival Boieldieu elected a member of the Institute, when he had himself vainly sought admission at the same time into that learned body.

He left unfinished the score of *Aladin, ou la Lampe merveilleuse*, which was completed by Benincori†; but neither was the latter gratified by seeing the work performed, as he died a few days before the first representation, which took place on the 6th of February, 1822.

Nicolo produced no less than six Italian operas and thirty-three French operas, several of which were masterpieces in point of style, and yet, as I have before stated, the doors of the Institute were obstinately closed against him. It must be confessed that there is less difficulty in the matter nowadays.

## MÉHUL.

I should compare Nicolo to the painter Lancret and Méhul to David. Nicolo allured one by the easy grace of his scores, by agreeable *tableaux de genre*; the masculine accents of Méhul, noble

pages of history, were not always understood at first by the multitude. Of him may be said what Mozart said of his *Don Juan*, "I write for myself and for a few of my friends." Méhul also wrote for himself rather than for the public.

His excessive timidity of character, his kind-heartedness, which induced him to think of his friends before he took any care for himself, the pain he suffered from a few unwonted failures, domestic sorrows, and finally sickness, shortened his days and cast a gloom over his life.

He was born at Givet, a small town in the Ardennes, on the 22nd of June, 1763, according to some biographers, and on the 24th according to others. His father was a cook, and obtained in the sequel through his son's interest a place in connection with the corps of Engineers. He received lessons of music from a blind organist. The liveliness of his imagination enabled him to divine the resources of the organ, and he was soon rewarded with the post of organist in the church of the Récollets. Incited subsequently to join the community of Prémontrés by the chorus-master, Abbé Hanser, who discovered his promising bent, he received lessons from this learned master of counterpoint. Méhul while in this convent was second organist. The colonel of a regiment stationed at Charlemont happening to hear him, and being rich and a lover of music, brought him to Paris and provided for his subsistence.

Here Méhul made acquaintance with Glück, and the sincere admiration he professed for the works of the author of *Iphigénie* won him his friendship.

This intimacy introduced into opéra comique the Germanic element, which it had before wanted, and which was destined to revivify the style, and finally to bring forth the works of Hérold, in which are admirably mingled French *esprit*, Italian *morbidezza*, and German poetry. This is an important fact in the history of art.

Méhul had written a grand opera, *Alonzo et Cora*, the first performance of which did not seem likely to be at hand. The Opéra Comique opened its doors to him, and in 1790 his first piece, *Euphrosyne et Coradin, ou le Tyran corrigé*, the words of which were by Hoffmann, saw the light. At once Méhul conquered a high position among the composers of his time. Before writing *Cora* he had submitted to a long preparatory training by composing three operas on old libretti, and under the superintendence of Glück. It may, therefore, be said, that Méhul's talents were already ripe when he presented *Euphrosyne et Coradin* to the stage.

In this score are to be found both the merits and the defects which are attributable to this master, and which we shall discover in his other works; firmness in his orchestration, a sustained elevation of style, but, at the same time, a degree of coldness in the melody, and at times a certain monotony in the accompaniments.

The overture to *Euphrosyne* showed that Méhul had learned in the school of Glück the science of employing more robust orchestral combinations than was usual in other comic operas of the day. The piece which produced the deepest impression in this work was, and justly so, the duo of "La Jalousie," superior to anything at that time to be heard. The piece commences in subdued tones to these words,—

"Gardez-vous de la jalousie,  
Redoutez son affreux transport."

Little by little the orchestra becomes animated, and the peroration burst forth in the midst of rapid passages for the violins, and the howling of the trombones, at that time a rare instrument, and the more startling therefore in its effect. Méhul seems to have had the intention of depicting the fury of the Eumenides, and indeed Grétry, in his essay on music, says on this point:—"The explosion at the end seems to bring down the roof of the theatre to crush the head of the spectator. In this masterpiece Méhul exhibits the power of Glück when he was thirty." We must also cite, among the good parts of *Euphrosyne et Coradin*, the quatuor "Toutes trois, vous êtes jeunes."

Immediately after this, the Opera hastened to bring out *Alonzo et Cora*, and the new scores of the same master, *Stratonice*, *Adrien*, &c.

\*François Benoît Hoffmann, born at Nancy, July 11, 1760, in his youth treated the writers of opéra-comiques with contempt, and in an epigram protested against the election of Sédaine on this account to a seat in the Academy. He made amends afterwards by writing a number of libretti, *Adrien*, *Euphrosyne*, &c. He died in April, 1828.

†Benincori, born at Brescia, March 28, 1779, wrote three little comic operas which were not successful. Grief at these successive disappointments increased the malady which brought him to the grave, October 30, 1821.

He returned to the Opéra Comique with *Le jeune Sage et le vieux Fou* (1793), and *la Caverne* (1794), which was played at Favart—the subject being the same as that of the piece produced under the same name by Lesueur at Feydeau the year before. Lesueur's work alone retained a vogue.

In 1797, Méhul met with a partial failure in *Le jeune Henri*, an opéra comique, the words of which were by Bouilly. It is well known that the overture pleased the public immensely, so much so that they wished to hear it played over again, and then refused to let the piece be finished. Nevertheless, after the curtain was let down, as a sort of consolatory tribute to the musician, the overture was asked for a third time, and thenceforth it became a classical piece at concerts with a grand orchestra.

In 1799, Méhul produced *Ariodant*, in which the wonted beauties of the author are once more to be found. The exact similarity of Hoffmann's libretto with that of *Montano et Stephanie*, by Berton, deducted from the success of *Ariodant*, in which occurs the well known air,

"Femme sensible, entends-tu le langage."

*Epique* (1800), the libretto of which was by Desmoustiers, and in the score of which Cherubini had taken some share, did not succeed, and the same was the case with *Bion*, an heroic pastoral by Hoffmann. Tragic subjects of this kind will never find favour at the Opéra Comique, and the tendency of this theatre to copy the Grand Opéra has always appeared to me prejudicial to the special character of the works to which it is devoted. This is a grand point, on which I intend to enlarge at the close of these studies. Méhul signally compensated himself for these failures, on the 19th of February, 1801, by the *Irato* of Marsollier.

The following circumstances are said to have given rise to this piece of buffoonery.

(To be continued.)

#### MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own correspondent.)

MOZART'S *Zauberflöte*, and Don Juan, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, and Bellini's *Norma*, were the operas performed this last week at the Royal Opera House. A goodly list, I think you will acknowledge, both as regards variety, and what, perhaps, in the opinion of true musicians, is still better, quality. The execution of all these works, moreover, was, on the whole, highly gratifying, even to one who, like myself, has been so long accustomed to the admirable manner in which things are "done" at the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of the inimitable Mr. Costa. May his shadow never be less, say I, although I am afraid the sentiment may not please certain rival conductors, whom the said shadow rather obscures perhaps.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience to hear the *Zauberflöte*, that great work of a great master. The part of Pamina was performed, for the first time, I believe, by Mlle. Lucca, the usual representative of the character being Mad. Harriers-Wipern. Comparisons, I am perfectly aware, are "oderous," especially between two ladies, and yet every one draws comparisons on every possible occasion. I shall, therefore, do so in the present instance, if only for the sake of being in the fashion. Of Mad. Harriers-Wipern and Mlle. Lucca, I certainly prefer the former lady. There is more unity or consistency, so to speak, in her performance. Her acting and singing blend so artistically together, that they produce, as it were, one homogeneous whole, which, as I take it, is the greatest triumph an artist can possibly achieve. There is no straining after effect. Everything is so easily accomplished, that the hearer fancies the task is one which is attended with no difficulty, and might be entrusted to anybody. Similar notions sometimes prevail with regard to writing a style like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or Lord Macaulay, commanding the Channel Fleet, and driving a one-horse chaise. Yet we know that it requires considerable skill to do any one of these things, and that it is not every person who possesses that skill—"Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum." Mlle. Lucca is assuredly not equal to her fair colleague. Yet she is good—exceedingly good—in the part, which, in fact, offers so many opportunities for producing a favourable impression, that, to use a rather vulgar term, any artist who altogether fails to do so must be a "muff." Mad. Köster was admirable as the Queen of Night, and all the other parts were creditably filled.

*Le Prophète* was as attractive as ever, the house being crammed to the ceiling. The cast was partially new. In the first place, Herr Taubert conducted the work for the first time, and, considering that he under-

took to do so at only a day's notice, is fairly entitled to high praise. Herr Theodore Formes was the misguided hero of the piece, and both sang and acted with uncommon talent. Mlle. Lucca appeared as Bertha, one of her most successful impersonations. She was enthusiastically applauded in the duet of the fourth act. As I informed you, in my last letter, Mad. Jachmann is away on leave of absence. Mlle. de Ahna was her substitute as Fides, and a very worthy substitute she proved. Her fresh beautiful voice was heard to excellent effect in the *arioso* of the second act.

Mlle. Emmy Lagrua concluded her "starring" engagement as Norma, having previously won all kinds of golden opinions from all sorts of people—including even some of the disciples of the Future—as Agatha in *Der Freischütz*. Her rendering of this genuinely German part was a complete triumph. The audience were fairly carried away by her execution of the grand scene, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," and of the Cantilena, "Und ob die Wolke," in both of which she was vociferously applauded. Her Norma is a fine performance, considered both in a vocal and a dramatic light. Her purity of intonation and facility of execution are perfectly charming and might well serve as a model for younger artists, and teach them what is to be effected by a thorough and conscientious study of the rules of classic style. Mlle. Lagrua sings without the slightest effort. And why? Simply because she has *learnt to sing*—a process too much neglected, I am sorry to say, by many fair artists of the present day, who fancy that all they require is to possess a voice. A man might almost as well imagine himself a Landseer or a Millais, because he had a box of colours and a set of brushes. Mlle. Lagrua was especially happy in the "Casta Diva" and the touching scene with Adalgisa, when the latter confesses her love for the false Roman, as well as in the portrayal of the struggle which agitates the breast of the deceived mother at the sight of her innocent children, calmly sleeping on the couch, and altogether unconscious of the danger to which they are exposed. At the conclusion of the opera, Mlle. Lagrua was well nigh overwhelmed with bouquets. Some enthusiastic admirer, also, flung her a laurel wreath, the sight of which occasioned an extra outburst of plaudits from all parts of the house. I am sorry to say that the orchestra was rather too noisy to please me, and that the chorus were far from being up to the mark on one or two occasions, especially in the last scene.

Mlle. Jauner-Krall continues to draw excellent houses at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre.

On the 12th inst. Herr Ries, the eminent Concertmeister, invited a number of musicians and amateurs to his house, for the purpose of introducing to them one of his former pupils, Herr E. Caudella, solo violinist to his highness Alexander John I., Prince of Moldavia and Wallachia. I was fortunate enough to be included in the list of honoured guests. Herr Caudella played several compositions of the modern school; among others, variations by David, and Vieuxtemps' "Réverie." His style is distinguished for its elegance, certainty, purity and ease. I fully concur in the general opinion freely expressed that, with perseverance and study, the young artist will occupy a high rank in his profession. He already reflects great credit on his master, and that is no small praise. Mlle. de Ahna sang two compositions, full of melody, by Adolph Ries, and came in for a fair share of applause.

An exceedingly interesting performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given on Ascension Day, by the Meischner Gesangzirkel. I was particularly struck by the rendering of the introduction, the chorus *a capella*, and the *Inflammatus*. The soloists were well selected, and acquitted themselves most creditably, the whole entertainment producing a highly favourable impression on a fashionable and discriminating audience. As concerts are not so plentiful here as they were in the winter months, and as I should like to send a tolerably long letter, I would, if I could, give you a correct account of a concert lately given by Herr Constantin Decker, pianist, from St. Petersburg. As it was, he might as well, on the present occasion, have remained in the capital of the Czar, or transported his piano to the wastes of Siberia, as far as I was concerned, although I made a point of attending. The Spaniards have a proverb, "Heaven deliver me from my friends;" and never was it more applicable than in this case. Herr Decker was formerly a favourite in Berlin, and, on his quitting that capital, left many friends behind him. Now, not only have those friends certainly not deserted him during his absence in the North, but they appear to have enrolled all their sons and daughters among their ranks, so that they have multiplied to an alarming extent. I could not help thinking of Lovell's exclamation when, in *High Life below Stairs*, he throws open the cupboard-door: "Why, Mrs. Kitty, your cat has kittens! Two toms and two tabbies!" All these friends of Herr Decker seemed to be present at his concert, and what is more, in order, no doubt, to prove their right to the appellation, appeared to have resolved he should not have a chance of mistaking

them for strangers. They accordingly made themselves perfectly at home in the room, coming and going in the middle of the pieces, talking, laughing, and applauding with a vehemence more indicative of partiality than discrimination. The younger portion of the audience was particularly vociferous and demonstrative. The consequence of all this manifestation of Damonian-Pythian feeling was that I have not the clearest idea in the world of what Herr Decker can do and what he cannot; of what his compositions are worth, and what they are not worth. I think, however, I may venture to assert, with a due regard to truth, that Herr Decker is a very fair pianist, but that he is far from being such an artist as Herr Hallé, Mr. Benedict, Liszt, Mad. Pleyell, or, "facile regina," Miss Arabella Goddard. Before he gives his next concert, I would advise him to send a circular to his very numerous friends, asking each one for the loan of four thalers (a large sum here). By this means he will naturally lose them all, or, at any rate, their number will be so reduced as no longer to be a positive nuisance.

Our old friend, R— has just returned from Brunswick, bringing with him some of the *Leberwurst* and several bottles of the *Mumme*, for which that small capital is so celebrated, besides a whole budget of musical news. During his stay, he heard Herr Joachim play Beethoven's violin-concerto, and Tartini's "Teufel's Sonata," as it is termed here, in a manner which fairly astonished the audience, accustomed as they are to listen to music executed in first-rate style. Joachim's style, however, is something more; but as you know it as well, or perhaps better than I do, I will not give you the elaborate description of it with which R— has favoured me. The programme of the concert—which, by the way, I may as well mention was the last of the series of this year's Symphonie-Concerte—comprised Robert Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Franz Schubert's "Reitermarsch" scored by Liszt, and Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*. The latter was magnificently performed, it appears, and applauded to the echo. The Brunswick public must mind what they are about. If they do not take care, the manager of the theatre will be producing *Tannhäuser* itself. The other pieces were equally well played by the orchestra—which stands deservedly high in the estimation of all competent judges—and were greeted with hearty applause. "Après moi, le déluge." After Joachim Herr H. von Bülow! That gentleman gave a concert, "all to himself," on the 27th of April, when he played fourteen pieces. I wonder how he liked it, and, above all, I wonder how the audience liked it.

At the theatre, Grétry's *Richard, Cœur de Lion*, was revived, on the occasion of the Duke's birthday, and favourably received. It was well sung, well acted, and well put upon the stage. The new theatre, a very fine building, which will be a great ornament to the old town, is rapidly approaching completion. According to report, it is to be opened on the 1st of October, and the opera chosen to inaugurate it is Mozart's *Don Juan*. A more fitting selection could not well have been made. A grand military concert, that is to say, a concert at which the performers are all members of the various regimental bands, was given on the Duke's birthday. Among other compositions included in the programme were a hymn by Handel, a "Fackeltanz" by Meyerbeer, and a new march by the band-master-in-chief, Herr Zabel, under whose direction the concert took place.

From the various musical papers I have picked up the following scraps of intelligence. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner commenced her starring engagement at Dresden as Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser*, and Mlle. Georgine Schubert, who has been playing a round of characters with great satisfaction to the public, closed hers, a short time since, as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*. A fund has been established, at Leipsic, for the family of the late Carl Zöllner. Concerts in aid of it have been already given in Dresden, Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Vienna, Dantz, Strassburg, Liverpool, Ancona, Riga, Bucharest, Hanover, Reval, &c. The following contributions have also been received:—100 thalers from a concert given by the Orpheus Society in Boston, 100 thalers from the German Männergesang-Verein, in Cincinnati; 25 thalers collected by some Germans in the Labati prairie, Texas; 35 thalers from the German residents at Porto Alegre, Brazil; 122 thalers from Lübeck; and 500 thalers from the Liedertafel, in St. Petersburg. At Stuttgart the opera has suffered severely by the loss—for a time at least; let us hope not permanently—of Herr Pischek and Herr Sontheim, the tenor. The former gentleman has had an apoplectic stroke, and the latter became deranged, so as to render it necessary for him to be placed in a lunatic asylum. From Wiesbaden, I learn that the grand festival of the Rhein-Main-Sängerbund is fixed for the 15th and 16th of June. The following are, at present, the arrangements of the Central Committee. On the 15th instant, the singers invited from other places to take part in the proceedings will be welcomed at the railway station by their brethren of Wiesbaden, and then make their way, in a grand procession, to the Kurhaus, where a general rehearsal will be

held. The concert will take place in the same locality, at four o'clock, P.M., and commence with an orchestral work, followed by a choral composition for the whole body of vocalists. After this, each of the seventeen Societies present will sing a piece separately, and the concert will conclude with a second choral composition for all the Societies combined. On the 2nd day (Sunday) there will be a grand "Volksfest" on the Neroberg. At the theatre, Gounod's *Faust* is in rehearsal. One hundred and twenty-four Vocal Associations (of which 98 alone have sent in a list of 2,200 singers) have already signified their intention of taking part in the approaching Nuremberg Sängersfest. The Finance Committee has disposed of shares to the value of 48,000 florins. One great object of interest connected with the approaching festival appears to be a costly flag, to be carried, I presume, before the singers, on their march through the town, and costing 400 florins. The Germans can never do anything without processions, headed by gay banners in the daytime, or coruscating, if I may use the term, with blazing torches at night. It strikes me that there is a great deal of puerility about all this, but I have no doubt it is quite correct and sensible. At any rate, it is, to a limited extent, good for trade, and delights the simple-minded patrons of Kartoffeln-Salat, who, it must be confessed, are in some things a rather simple-minded people. In England we generally leave such modes of display to charity-children out for a holiday, Temperance Societies, and the Ancient Order of Foresters.

I have nothing more to say for the present, except

VALE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### FILBY versus AUGMENTED TONE.

Sir,—Of course I must admire the apostasy of your correspondent "Augmented Tone," whose extreme candour has given his communication an *augmented tone*, and who appears to have been a self-constituted judge and jury in a trial of "inclination versus judgment," and to have returned a verdict for the defendant.

I could never expect any one—who, from prejudice or long association, adheres to the *mutable* minor scale—to give up his convictions until his judgment shall have been fairly convinced—until he shall have discovered the fine combinations which result from the use of the *permanent* mode, and which he is debarred from in using the other. In this, as in general life, the improvement should necessitate the change, and not *vice versa*.

In complying with the wish of your correspondent, I must premise that the subjoined specimens have been framed more with regard to utility than to novelty or ingenuity. Other remarkable progressions have come under my notice, which, for my previous reason and for economy of space, I am obliged to suppress.

It will be observed that I use the *real*, instead of the accepted, signatures.

Scale as a *bass* :—



Scale as a *melody* :—



From these it will be seen that the permanent minor is the legitimate domain of the *diminished seventh*, and that it here becomes practicable and useful. Of this fact Mendelssohn, Spohr, Chopin, and



Schumann must have been profoundly aware. Of this fact Meyerbeer, Stephen Heller, and our (I say it with pride) G. A. Macfarren must be deeply sensible. For do not their works testify its truth?

Let not our readers suppose that this scale is essentially modern, for it may be found (not to go back quite so far as your tutelar saint, Job de Pacheco) in the works of Mehul, Scarlatti, Rameau, Purcell, &c. &c.

One word to your correspondent "Dominant" (of some three months' standing). I do not consider the *mediant* a desirable degree to carry common chord; but, if I use it at all, it certainly should contain an augmented fifth. I do not acknowledge a *relative major*—which is not remarkable, as my near kin do not happen to be in the army.

Trusting you will find space for this,

I am, Sir, yours every faithfully,

23, Kensington Park Terrace, W.

W. C. FILEY.

#### In re GILBERT audi GADSBY.

Sir,—I quite agree with Mr. Bennett Gilbert, in his saying, "In justice to myself, and to my reputation, allow me emphatically to disclaim all connection with the Three Idylls," as it appeared by the review that the authorship of the other Three *Idylls* was attributed to him; however, I consider it very honorable of Mr. Bennett Gilbert to refute this idea, more especially as the *Idylle* "Vivien" (with the name of Gadsby attached to it) was considered by you to be the best of the four.

I should not have troubled you with this epistle, sir, considering I had the more flattering notice, but to take the opportunity of thanking Mr. Gilbert, and readily granting pardon to you, for an error that arose from the similitude in the printing of the four *morceaux*.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

60, Albert Street,  
Morningside Crescent.

HENRY R. GADSBY,  
(Author of "Vivien.")

MISS FANNY CORFIELD, the talented and very successful pupil of Professor Bennett, gave a *matinée* of Classical Pianoforte Music, on Saturday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The young lady provided a most unexceptional programme, and gave a concert, indeed, of rare excellence. She was assisted by Herr Molique at the violin, M. Paque at the violoncello, and by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Marian Moss as vocalists. The instrumental selection comprised Spöhr's duet in E, for pianoforte and violin; Dussek's sonata for pianoforte, No. 3, Op. 35, in C minor; Beethoven's pianoforte and violin sonata, in G, Op. 30, No. 3; Haydn's Trio, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello; and "The Harmonious Blacksmith," by Handel. Miss Fanny Corfield is to be commended unreservedly for contributing to the programme Dussek's splendid sonata, which the initiated reader will recognise as number one of the set of three dedicated to Clementi. The fair artist's performance was characterised by great neatness and facility of execution, and undeviating good taste and judgment. In Beethoven's sonata for violin and pianoforte, the pianist fairly divided the applause with the violinist, Herr Molique, and the performance was admirable throughout—the gem of the concert, indeed. The vocal music was akin to the instrumental in point of merit. Mad. Sherrington sang "Angels ever bright and fair," a *melodie* by Schubert, and Bennett's "May dew"—all three exquisitely given; while Miss Marian Moss displayed her sweet voice and agreeably unpretending style in Mozart's "Vedrai Carino" and Spöhr's "Rose softly blooming." The attendance was elegant and numerous.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—A *matinée* was given at the above rooms, on Thursday week, by Mrs. Dundas, the pianist, which comprised the services, in addition to those of the fair concert-giver, of Herr F. Hegar (violin), Herr Oberthür (harp), Master Butler (flute), Mr. Lidel (violoncello), and Mr. Klindworth (piano), instrumentalists; and Miss Armstrong, Miss Steele, and Mr. Redfearn, vocalists. Mrs. Dundas, a neat and graceful executant, played Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, and Mendelssohn and Moscheles' Duo Concertante, for two pianos, "La Marche Bohémienne," from *Preciosa*, with M. Klindworth. Although the programme possessed no grand attraction, there were some points of special interest. Herr Oberthür's harp-playing constituted a great feature, and Master Butler delighted everybody by his really extraordinary performance on the flute. In the vocal music Mr. Redfearn particularly distinguished himself, displaying his pure tenor voice and correct style in an English ballad and Mendels-

sohn's "Hunter's Song." Mr. Arthur O'Leary accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—This very interesting annual affair came off at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday afternoon, in presence of a brilliant and crowded audience. The programme, though not exactly of the monster kind, was extra-longitudinous, and comprised nearly all the vocal talent not engaged at the Opera in the metropolis. Moreover, there were five conductors, among whom Mr. Benedict and Signor Schira. From the selection, which included no less than four-and-twenty pieces, we can only cite a few for especial mention. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington supplied the Shadow-song from *Dinorah* as her special display,—Mlle. Parepa, the air "Le serment" for hers—both eminently successful; Signor Gardoni the romance, "Le Chemin du Paradis," one of his most finished and refined efforts; Mad. Gassier, who made her first appearance in London for two years, the valse, "Ah! che assorta," with more than the old brilliancy, and, with M. Gassier, Iradier's duet, "Iota de los Toreros," given with extreme national unction; Mad. Rieder, the "Carneval de Venise," with variations—a very admirable performance; Signor Solieri, the romance of Donizetti, "E morta," a highly expressive and neat specimen of Italian vocalization; besides other contributions, single, duplicate, and triplicate, by Mad. Lemaire, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. Patey, Mr. Alberto Laurence, Signors Delle Sedie and Ciabatta. The instrumental part boasted of a new *fantasia* by M. Ole Bull, a solo on the pianoforte by Mlle. Elvira, Del Bianco Thalberg's *Sonnambula*, on the same instrument, by Signor Andreoli, &c. &c. The concert concluded with Martini's trio "Vadasi via di quà," sung in chorus by the whole company.

ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—A short season of Italian opera is to commence on Saturday, June 8th, at the Lyceum, under the leaseholdship of Mr. J. H. Mapleson. The *prime donne* already announced are Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Gassier (her first appearance these two years), Mad. Lemaire, Mlle. Sedlatzek, and Mad. Albani; Signori Belart, Mercuriali, Tito Palmieri (his first appearance in England), and Giuglini. Signor Delle Sedie, of the principal continental theatres, will make his *début* on the opening night, and Signors Gassier, Casaboni, Mr. Patey, Herr Hermanns, and Signor Vialletti will also perform during the season. Signor Arditì is to be the director and conductor, and Mr. H. Blagrove the leader of the orchestra. The orchestra will be selected from Her Majesty's Theatre and the Philharmonic Society, and will be complete in all departments. The chorus has likewise been chosen from Her Majesty's Theatre, and will be under the direction of Signor Vashetti.

MUSICAL ART-UNION.—This new society gave its first concert last night in the Hanover Square Rooms. (The principal feature was an orchestral symphony by Herr Anton Rubinstein, entitled *Ocean*.)

M. HALLÉ gave his third Beethoven recital yesterday afternoon in St. James's Hall. The two sonatas, Op. 14, the sonata, Op. 22, and the sonata Op. 26 were performed again—all from memory.

NEW ORGANS OPENED.—On Sunday the 19th inst., a new organ by Conacher & Co., Huddersfield, was opened in the Parish Church, Thorne, near Leeds; another instrument, by the same builders, was opened on the same day in the Parish Church, Sowerby, near Halifax. This organ is the munificent gift of John Rawson Esq. of Brockwell, near Halifax, and is erected in memory of his uncle, the late Wm. Priestley Esq. On the 29th inst., a large new organ by Conacher & Co. was opened in the Wesleyan Chapel, Burnley. All these instruments are very highly spoken of, the workmanship being thoroughly good, and the tone of a full round and musical quality.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The two seats at the Board of Directors, vacant by the retirement of B. H. Adams, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. Worthington, have been filled up by the election of H. W. Currie, Esq., of Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and C. E. Newcomen, Esq., of Ovington Square, Brompton, who are now members of Executive Committee.

# MR. CHAS. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.—

The 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th will take place on Fridays, June 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th; July 5th.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The Programmes will be exclusively devoted to the Sonatas composed by Beethoven, for Pianoforte without accompaniments—the whole to be introduced in regular succession, according to the original order of their publication.

At each of the eight performances two vocal pieces will be introduced. The programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas as they occur.

Prices of Admission:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the series, 2l. 2s.; Single Ticket, 10s. 6d. Balcony and Area, for the series, 1l. 11s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s. Unreserved Seats, for the series, 1l.; Single Ticket, 3s.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS PALMER'S CONCERT, with several other important notices, unavoidably postponed until next week.

W. H. B. (Bucks).—The parcel has not come to hand.

## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

# The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

THE much-talked-of organ for Manchester Cathedral has been completed and opened at last. Three weeks since we quoted a long paragraph from a Manchester cotemporary, wherein the what and the how of the musical doings on the occasion were sufficiently noticed, but as little as possible was said of the organ itself; and this, perhaps, for a very good reason. We shall "live and learn," doubtless, on this point, as on most others. Meanwhile we have something to say, as well about the organ as about the curious circumstances which helped its builder to place it where it is. While the matter was in a condition of little better than talk, we felt a delicacy, for many reasons, about interfering. In the first place, a London journal might be supposed to affect too exclusively metropolitan notions. Again, Manchester, we concluded, was quite strong enough to take care of its own interests. Among the literary staff of its press are men who can, and frequently do, discuss musical affairs with no small amount of ability and spirit. In one instance, at least, this has been unmistakeably shown on the very question in hand. The most influential of the Manchester papers, on more than one occasion, put forth sundry columns of able and technically-argued remonstrances against the thing then doing by the Cathedral authorities. All to no purpose, however. They

chose to do the thing their own way, and they have done it. So there's an end—no, there is *not* an end to it. We cannot mend the past, but we may reasonably hope to influence the future; and, in this spirit, have now to ask, "How, in the name of the year 1861, came such an organ to be placed in the Cathedral Church of Manchester?"

And first, as to the instrument itself. The latest intelligence on this point we derive from a provincial cotemporary, which describes a private exhibition of the organ at its builder's manufactory in Worcester; and, among other particulars, sets forth that all present—professors, amateurs, church dignitaries, and newspaper critics—were highly delighted with its excellence. Of course we are treated to the usual string of unmeaning phrases proper to such occasions: the tone is "rich," "full," "brilliant," and all the rest of it. No doubt it is. We should much like to know when as much *hasn't* been said on a similar provocation. The question is, what is likely to be said in time to come? When the ceremony of the *debüt* is forgotten—when the organ has to speak for itself in its own cathedral—when Worcester (with the money in its pocket) has made its final bow to Manchester, and the organist, fairly left alone with his instrument, comes to ponder on his certainty that, for better or for worse, he must cleave to it for at least the next five-and-twenty years—when all these "whens" shall have been accomplished, will all parties concerned be quite so satisfied with their bargain as they are now represented to be? By way of help to a guess, we need but glance at the plan on which this instrument is built. It has three rows of keys of the usual CC compass, and the ordinary two-octave pedal clavier. The list of its stops is as follows:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.		Super octave ... .. 2ft.	
Double stopped diapason ...	16ft.	Sesquialtera, 3 ranks	...
Clarabella ... ..	8ft.	Trumpet ... ..	8ft.
Open diapason ... ..	8ft.	Hautboy ... ..	8ft.
Open diapason ... ..	8ft.	Clarion ... ..	4ft.
Gamba ... ..	8ft.	CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G.	
Stopped diapason ... ..	8ft.	Clarabella (wood) ...	8ft.
Principal ... ..	4ft.	Dulciana ... ..	8ft.
Principal ... ..	4ft.	Viol di gamba ... ..	8ft.
Twelfth ... ..	2½ft.	Stopped diapason ...	8ft.
Fifteenth ... ..	2ft.	Gamba ... ..	4ft.
Tierce, larigot, mixture, 5 ranks		Stopped flute ... ..	4ft.
Sharp mixture, 3 ranks		Piccolo ... ..	2ft.
Trumpet ... ..	8ft.	Krumhorn ... ..	8ft.
Clarion ... ..	4ft.	Grand ophicleide (on high pressure) ... ..	8ft.
SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.		PEDAL ORGAN—CC TO F.	
{ Bourdon (bass) ... ..	16ft.	Principal (wood) ...	16ft.
{ Dulciana (treble) ... ..	8ft.	Violin ... ..	16ft.
Open diapason ... ..	8ft.	Bourdon ... ..	16ft.
Viol di gamba (to tenor C) ...	8ft.	Octave ... ..	8ft.
Stopped diapason ... ..	8ft.	Trombone ... ..	16ft.
Octave ... ..	4ft.		
Suabe flute ... ..	4ft.		

Now, seriously—without knowing how well or ill the organ has been finished—without caring to inquire about the probabilities of its workmanship—we merely ask what that is really fine and grand in the way of tone *could* be got, by any constructive skill, out of such a scheme as this? It reads like a plan that might have dawned on any cogitative grandfather of the present race. With a trifling exception, it might have walked straight out of the *atelier* of old Father Smith, just after all German notions had been frozen out of his brain by the English ignorance and parsimony of his time. Not to speak of inventive talent—we remember no large organ-plan of late times that betrays such an absence of *reading*—such a contemptuous indiffer-



ence to all that the continent has done, to a few fine examples at home, and to the mass of information which, for some years past, has been floating about on the subject. It shows no evidence of design—no glimpse of the well-recognised principle that the secret of effect lies in varieties of quality—nothing, in short, save a reverential adherence to the old “rule of thumb.” It is a very common church organ, magnified by the aimless duplication of some of its parts, instead of a great instrument, designed for a special site, on some clear and defensible principle. Its great-organ is without dignity and character; its swell without force and variety; its choir (with an aforesaid trifling exception) is utterly commonplace; and its pedal-organ fitly accompanies the remainder. Not, we presume, to be altogether behind the age, a startling novelty crops out on the choir manual in the shape of a “grand opficleide on high pressure.” But this seems only curiously contrived to give a lop-sided tendency to all beside it; for if this “great opficleide” be not merely the shadow of a name—if it be really voiced with that energetic brilliance to which the great English-builders have accustomed us—it will assuredly find, in the rest of the scheme, nothing where-withal to match itself.

And such is the plan of an organ which, in the year 1861, has been thought worthy to be placed in the Cathedral of the second greatest city of this empire! No doubt, all manner of apologies will be made for it. We are informed, for instance, that it is very well made, that it has the pneumatic lever for its great-organ touch, and divers other mechanical excellencies into the bargain. And thil may all be true, while utterly uncomensating the original vices of its design. Tone, and tone only, must be the final test of every instrument; and when the Cathedras authorities of Manchester have shown that their organ is capable, in this respect, of satisfying the exigencies of its position, they will have added one more to the large stock of wonders which their city can already boast.

Again, if the Manchester chapter were resolved not to have their organ built in London (and we do not intend to insist that they were wrong in so resolving), why, of all places in the kingdom, must they needs go a-marketing to Worcester? On what grounds have the claims of the resident builder in that city been permitted to extinguish those of all his provincial rivals? This will be hard to answer, we imagine. A man must win his spurs before he is allowed to wear them; and it is no disrespect to Mr. Nicholson to say, that whatever may be the merit of his smaller works, he has produced no large instrument of high character enough to guarantee his success when entrusted with any of those great opportunities, necessarily rare, such as placing an organ in one of our cathedrals. It seems to us that, in this matter, the capitular body have contrived to make a double-barrelled blunder. They have not done the best possible thing for their church, and at the same time have passed a very undeserving slight on their fellow-citizens, Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, who are, beyond all doubt, the best provincial organ-builders in the kingdom. It would be simply ridiculous, almost offensive, to compare the bundle of flat common-places we have described with the fine scheme of the equally fine instrument which Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine erected, long since, in St. Peter's church. This organ is known and admired by all the best judges in the country; and we are rendering it the barest justice in stating our belief that, both in the comprehensive excellence of its plan, and the pains-taking and artistic skill bestowed on its execution, it is entirely unequalled by any-

thing of provincial, and but few specimens of metropolitan origin. It is not faultless—we know that nothing is—but its faults are not those of design; above all, its builders are not “bumptious” people;—they are among the few of their order who believe there may be something of the art yet to learn, and this, perhaps, furnishes a not inconsiderable reason for trusting them to the extent of their present acquirement. If, then, London was to be excluded, these builders of this fine Manchester church-organ were the people who ought to have been commissioned to execute a still finer work for the cathedral. By merit and by locality this was their right; and, had it been accorded to them, doubtless they would have denied neither cost nor skill to the completion of an instrument of which their city might have been justly proud.

It is the most disagreeable part of our task to speak of the influences by which the existing arrangement has been brought about. Our information bids us believe that one of the canons, having succeeded in getting the matter into his own hands, chose to ignore the existence of Mr. Harris, the cathedral organist, and to take for his sole councillor Sir Frederic Ouseley, by whose advice the present scheme and builder were decided on. Thus, it would appear, that Sir Frederic Ouseley's judgment was invoked because he was a clergyman, and had not to play the organ, while Mr. Harris's opinion was unasked, on the equally illogical ground, that he *had* to play the organ, but was *not* a clergyman. Now, we have the highest possible respect for Sir Frederic Ouseley's personal character, much consideration for his office as the Oxford Professor of Music, and not a little genuine esteem for his talents as a musician. For these reasons we the more regret the many indications now floating about that, owing to a fellowship of cloth, or what, in another calling, would be termed *esprit du corps*, he should be liable to be placed in a false position in matters of this sort. Doubtless, the clergy, generally, regard Sir Frederic as a phenomenon, esteem him one of the greatest living musicians, and, in the construction of instruments, to possess a knowledge of all that has been done between the days of Tubal Cain and Cavaillée Coll. This may be natural enough, but yet may largely exceed the warranty of facts. Indeed, a large amount of theoretical and executive musicianship may exist without the slightest knowledge of the mechanism of instruments. As there are always exceptional causes of failure, it would be scarcely fair, perhaps, to quote, in proof of this, the organ designed by Sir Frederic Ouseley himself for his own church.

On such points as what an organ should contain, who should build it, &c., there will always be diversities of opinion. Doubtless, the clergy of a cathedral, who provide the money, are entitled to a large share in the discussion. All this being granted, however, there remains no excuse for the manner in which Mr. Harris, after thirty years of highly meritorious service, appears to have been treated in the matter of the Manchester organ.

IT is not very difficult for a writer on the public press to obtain a character for originality. All he has to do is simply to contradict universal opinion, and insist that he alone is right. Moreover, this is a very convenient mode of dealing with criticism, as it brings judgment into no contact, and nobody can establish injurious comparisons. In fact, it is the only safe way for an ignorant scribe, since by condemnation he avoids analysis, and by opposition pledges himself to no particular ideas. He is a shrewd

penman, however, who can thus run tilt at the whole world, and manage to secure to himself some modicum of fame. He knows that many are ill-natured and are too glad to hear others abused, and that an air of superiority always attaches to censure. Such a writer, in some respects, is the "London correspondent" of the *Liverpool Albion*, whose strictures, or, more properly, speculations, have ere now found room in our columns, partly from their novelty, partly from their amusing nature, and on one or two occasions because they happened to coincide with our own opinions. The "London correspondent" was certainly in the right when he directed all his energies against the sensation attempted to be got up for Mlle. Johanna Wagner, some years ago—which is not at all to be wondered at, as he attempts to put down every new success. Nevertheless, he makes a direct misstatement in his letter of last week, when he affirms that "the whole world was blowing Mlle. Wagner's trumpet," except himself; which was so far from being the case, that the leading metropolitan journals showed little admiration for her talent, and we ourselves never flinched from stating our unfavourable opinion. A writer who propounds statements so dogmatically should have a good memory.

The "London correspondent," in his most recent epistle in the *Albion*, has levied the whole battery of his artillery against the success of Mlle. Adelina Patti—as on principle he was bound to do, seeing that her success was almost unprecedented. This was too good an opportunity to let pass; and so, with the air of "Sir Oracle," all the critics of the press are written down as asses, and the "correspondent" himself glorified as the only true thinker, and the one who alone has the honesty to proclaim his opinions.

"Patti, much to her own surprise," writes the correspondent, "finds herself first among the foremost of several at the same house, whom she would have been flattered to have been deemed a worthy second to a fortnight ago. She has not the voice of Penco; she has not the execution of Miolan Carvalho; and not only can she not act like Czillag, but she can hardly be said to act at all. Yet she transcends the whole trio in popularity already, at least in paper popularity; but how far such crowns partake of foolscap it would be unwise to conjecture. Certainly there is, thus far, little of that brain turning on the part of the many-headed monster which might be inferred from the jubulations of the journals. The public, news-led and nose-led as they are, have been told to accept her as phenomenon, and they do accept her accordingly; for what would be the use of a community paying for thinking machines, and yet the things on two legs pretending to have an opinion of their own? But although the said machines purvey judgment for their purchasers, they cannot supply enthusiasm, any more than matrimony can buy love."

The impertinence conveyed in the above paragraph would be altogether unworthy of notice were it not mixed up with an attempt to shirk the truth in every way. Mlle. Patti's success could not have occasioned any surprise in those who had known her career in America; and as for the young lady's own expectations, and the good opinion she entertained of herself, these may be gathered from the exorbitant terms she demanded from the director of the Royal Italian Opera, and the confidence she displayed on the opening night. There was nothing, indeed, fortuitous in Mlle. Patti's success. It was by far the most legitimate since that of Alboni in 1847. It was altogether unexpected, and was achieved without premeditated favour, without puff, claque, or organisation of any kind. Of how few singers could this be alleged! If there was any influence exercised at all, it proceeded from the public, who were really enthusiastic the first night, and not from the critics who had to express their opinions afterwards. The affirmation, then, about the "public being news-led

and nose-led," although extremely witty, is entirely false, since the public were the first who declared the singer a phenomenon; and the notices in the public prints, next day, were but the echoes of the preceding night's jubulations.

The comparisons with Mesdames Penco, Miolan Carvalho, and Czillag must have been forced from "Correspondent," seeing that in another part of his letter he attests to Mlle. Patti being "a genuine artist, and consummate musician, as well as vocalist." Could he lay his hand on his heart, and honestly say as much of any one of the three singers with whom he has placed her in competition? Must he plead ignorance or forgetfulness for this unfortunate slip of the pen? But he tells us, too, that the new *prima donna* is destined to be "great in small parts," an acknowledgment very like a contradiction of what he has asserted in the paragraph quoted above. "Correspondent's" idea of "great" and "small," however, appears to be of rather a loose nature, if we may be permitted to judge from his denominating Bellini's *Sleep Walker* "a meagre part." Poor Amina! No doubt "Correspondent" never saw the *Sonnambula*, never read the book, never perused the score, never knew that the part was written and the music composed for Pasta, nor that Malibran had achieved her greatest laurels in the character, nor that Jenny Lind followed in Malibran's footsteps, nor that—but why adduce more "nors" when it is evident "Correspondent" was writing without the remotest knowledge of the subject, which, indeed, is his only excuse for giving publicity to opinions so absurd.

But "Correspondent's" auguries are as unlikely to gain him the name of a true prophet as his sentiments that of a shrewd thinker. "The *furor* in favour of the new *prima donna*, Patti," he writes the day on which *Lucia di Lammermoor* was to be produced, "will probably be abated by her *Lucia to-night*." Mlle. Patti's second essay brought no abatement of favour, as our readers are now aware, so that the writer's prophecy has proved all moonshine. The correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* may be extremely clever, but we fancy he would prove it more if he would be guided oftener by truth and strive less to differ from the majority, who in the end are sure to be right. To be original is a great matter, but, in our humble opinion, it is far greater to be consistent with truth, even though praise do not always follow. Besides, the fact of one being continually in error may sometimes be accepted as a proof of ignorance, when there is danger that even writers like the correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* may be ignored as oracles.

R.

#### THE LEEDS' FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Leeds, 29th May, 1861.

SIR,—If the article in your last week's paper had appeared in a local print, I should have paid no more attention to it than I usually do to similar effusions,—the absurdities and falsities it contains being patent to all who are conversant with the position of affairs in Leeds—and whose judgment is not warped by prejudice. But appearing as it does under the sanction of your own pen, I think it proper not only to set the public right in the matter, but to point out to yourself, sir, the inaccuracy of the statements by which you must have been misled, before you could have permitted such an article to appear in your paper.

It is not my business to discuss the motives which actuated the editor of the *Leeds and West Riding Express* in his explanation of the causes which led to the abandonment of the projected festival. Whatever they were, the causes are truly stated, and I will, with

your leave, make a few remarks on your strictures on each of them in turn.

1. *The visit of the Royal Agricultural Society.*
2. *The dullness of trade.*

These must be considered together. There is not, indeed, any immediate connection between fat beasts, linseed, swillings, &c., &c., and high art—but as we are to have the fat beasts at all events, and are, I hope, determined to give a hearty and hospitable welcome to the “sturdy yeomen,” and the many more delicate specimens of humanity whom we expect to see on that occasion, the dullness of trade (which is a fact, whatever your informant may think—and, judging from his ignorance of most things, I should not set him up as an authority on this point)—the dullness of trade may well make us consider whether we should be inclined to go through a second course of similar expenditure in the same year. Leeds wishes not to do by halves anything it undertakes—and it would be a poor way of showing its advancement to rush into the *Gazette* for the want of a little common prudence, and the sake of a little vain display. Nor would the subscribers to the guarantee-fund be very well pleased with a committee which, with the present difficulties staring it in the face, persisted in incurring the risk with almost a certainty of having to fall back upon that fund. The surplus of the last festival was 2000*l.*—not 1000*l.*, as your informant says—but the circumstances were peculiar. The opening of the Town Hall by the Queen in person, and the presence of her Majesty in Leeds immediately before the festival, were sufficient to insure a large profit. A first festival is almost always a success—a second in the same place almost always a failure.

3. *The exorbitant demands of the vocalists.*—As you characterize this reason as “sheer twaddle,” and italicize the statement that “no vocalist was even written to,” I must be allowed to say equally emphatically that this statement is a “sheer falsehood.” Your informant should not speak so positively of what he knows nothing about. He proceeds to talk of the sum paid at the last meeting to “The Piccolomini and Alboni party;”—no such party was engaged. The engagement of Mad. Alboni was entirely separate, and the sum is wrongly stated. “The terms of the English vocalists would not, we dare say, have been more than heretofore.”—Dare you? They are. These matters are worth noticing only as showing that your informant is talking of matters on which he is entirely ignorant.

4. *The meeting of the British Association at Manchester.* As this commences on the very day fixed for the Festival, and lasts exactly the same time, the absurd parallel of Mr. Spurgeon is inapplicable.

5. *The resignation of Mr. Joy.*—No one who knew anything about the working of the former Festival, and how and by whom the work was done, could have made the ridiculous and insolent remarks about the honorary secretaries which you have admitted into your article. As one of the number, I certainly do not intend to take further notice of those remarks, but all who are acquainted with Mr. Joy will understand what a loss the experience and intimate knowledge of all the requisites of an orchestra possessed by him would be to a committee, especially under circumstances requiring them to be fortified with every available assistance.

6. *The behaviour of the Chorus-Master.*—You say “I believe this sixth and last reason to be the long and short of the whole business.” “I believe!” Who is I? Where is the editorial “we?” A slip of the pen, Mr. Editor, but one which shows that the whole article is the emanation of some local correspondent, with very imperfect knowledge, and very partial views. Why could he not write in his own name as I do? Then it would be known what his opinions were worth. But to return. Let me begin by stating that I am the only member of the Chorus Committee of the Festival connected with the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society. I cannot, therefore, consider the remarks made in your paper on this point as otherwise than personal, except on the *prima facie* probability of your correspondent being mistaken on this as on all other points. The facts are these: Mr. Burton was elected chorus-master, and accepted the appointment *unconditionally*. Afterwards a sub-committee was appointed (of whom

I was one) to select a chorus. Moreover, subsequent resolutions pointed out to this sub-committee from what sources they were to make their selection. They made their selection, and reported to the Orchestral Committee, adding this proviso, out of consideration to the chorus-master, that if he had any doubts of the efficiency of any one chosen, he might have him or her tested by an independent musician of eminence (Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. Hullah were mentioned). The suggestion was mine. The cause of it was a knowledge on my part that the members of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society (the oldest society in the town) had a natural objection to be tested by the chorus-master, who was confessedly inimical to the Society. Your correspondent (as usual wrong, even when the truth would have served him better) says that “Mr. Burton limited his selection from the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society (Mr. Spark’s) to a very small number.” Mr. Burton did nothing of the kind. He said that he only knew a small number, and these he would admit without trial, and that he would admit as many more as came up to his standard. For anything I know, Mr. Burton might have admitted the whole Society. What I contended for was the principle (which I think Mr. Burton might have adopted as the best for himself), that no ground should be given to any one to say that partiality had been shown.

Well, Mr. Burton declined the terms proposed by the sub-committee, and therefore the general committee decided to ignore the acts of those they had deputed to perform a specific duty, and bowed to the dictum of their servant, Mr. Burton; which of course they had a right to do, though it looks, and to me feels rather like an insult to the sub-committee. You say “Mr. Burton acted very properly. What would Costa, Mellon, Benedict, or any other conductor say to a committee if interfered with in the selection of a band or chorus for any great occasion?” I don’t know—nor do I care. Mr. Burton was not Costa, or Mellon, or Benedict, or any conductor at all. He was merely a chorus-master, who was bound to take and train as well as he could any chorus put under his care. I don’t question his ability. I supported his appointment, and do not doubt that he could have made the Madrigal and Motet society do, as one of the most eminent of living chorus-masters has assured me he could—“any mortal thing.”

I am not aware that I have anything further to add except this, which I state most emphatically, that as far as I am concerned (and I believe I can say the same for the other members of the sub-committee), the question has not been one between Mr. Burton and Mr. Spark, or any one else than the committee. Mr. Spark has not, and has never had, any part of my regards in the present question. My object has not been to support a party, but to prevent one party from swamping another. I am aware that this will be met by an incredulous smile by some, and by loud jeers from others; but as I am conscious of good intentions, and a sincere desire of fair play, and as I am sure I cannot be accused of shirking the real hard work of a Festival, I care neither for covert sneers nor vulgar bluster.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WM. ATKINSON,

Vice President of the Leeds Madrigal Motet Society, and late Hon. Secretary of the Leeds Musical Festival Committee.

[Is it not singular that, in all these letters and articles about the Leeds Festival, not one allusion should be made to the most important man who had any hand in it—viz., Professor Bennett, the conductor? Ordinary lookers-on might naturally suppose the whole and sole direction to be vested in him; in which case the squabbles between Messrs. Spark and Burton would have been of small consequence.—Ed.]

RIGA.—A member of the operatic company, who, on account of his inefficiency and overbearing arrogance, is by no means a favourite, had been rather severely criticised in the local paper. In consequence of this, he waited in the street, and as the editor, Dr. Beckhaus, was walking home on his return from the theatre, came on that gentleman from behind, and ill-treated him so severely that the Doctor has had to keep his bed for several days.



## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mlle. Adelina Patti's second impersonation was looked forward to with the greatest interest and curiosity, and a fuller attendance we do not remember at the Royal Italian Opera on any former occasion than on Saturday, when the young artist was announced for the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her two previous performances in the *Sonnambula* had literally worked up the Opera public to the highest pitch of expectation. We cannot say, however, that these exorbitant expectations were entirely realised. Indeed, with an artist who has such great instincts, and, as far as we are permitted to judge at present, possesses such an intuitive knowledge of character, this was impossible. The character of Amina is far more difficult to embody than Lucia, and requires far greater histrionic powers, as may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that the former was written for Pasta, the empress of lyric tragedy, and the latter for Persiani, the Queen of bravura singing. As a test of the capabilities of the actress, it was consequently instituting an anticlimax, to put Mlle. Patti into Lucia after the *Sonnambula*. Donizetti's music is charming, and Sir Walter Scott's heroine, somewhat paled indeed in the ineffectual fire of the Italian poet, is sufficiently interesting; but, excepting in the mad scene, the artist has really no self-dependent great situation, since in the finale to the second act the roaring brother and the "cursing tenor" do all in their power by vociferation and gesture to "pluck" all hearing and seeing that away. Mlle. Patti looked the character of Lucy to the life, recalling more, perhaps, than any singer we have seen the exquisite description of the novelist:—"Something there was of feminine softness, perhaps the result of delicate health, or residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." That her emotions seemed to have been toned down to this delineation is not at all unlikely, seeing that the fire and energy exhibited by all modern impersonators of Lucia, in the scene where Ashton shows her the forged letter announcing Edgardo's death, and in the great scene where her lover returns suddenly as it were from the grave to denounce her at the moment she has plighted troth to another, are made to yield to overwhelming anguish and despair, which knows no outbreak. Mlle. Patti in Lucia certainly betokened none of the passion and impulsive feeling so remarkable in her Amina. That the latter may be more agreeable to her instincts is not unlikely; but still both parts having been played so differently, may have proceeded from nice and subtle discrimination of character.

For the above reasons, and for these only, we cannot affirm that Mlle. Patti achieved the same triumphant success in Lucia as in *La Sonnambula*—which may demonstrate to many of her admirers that she belongs more to the Malibran than the Persiani school, which indeed is our own conviction. In reality the two first scenes of Lucy, the one in which the cavatina is introduced, and that with her brother, necessitate all the address, perfect finish, and dazzling brilliancy of *floriture*, such as adorned the singing of Persiani and Jenny Lind—and perhaps of them alone—and require the very smallest amount of impulse or passion. Mlle. Patti sang the cavatina—the original one written for Persiani—with much brilliancy, and accomplished in the duet some surprising *tours de force*, singing an ascending and descending chromatic passage with astonishing ease and completeness, and making several dazzling flights in the highest part of her voice with great effect. So also in the duet with Ashton and in the Malediction scene, the young artist made frequent points, but did not endow the acting or singing with that sustained force to which the public had been accustomed, and which her powerful impersonation of Amina led them to expect. In the mad scene, however, Mlle. Patti came up to the very highest anticipations, and carried the whole house with her by her natural and earnest acting and her really admirable singing. The whole performance thus terminated most satisfactorily, and Mlle. Patti achieved a second triumphant success in her second part. Signor Tiberini was Edgardo, and Signor Graziani, Enrico. *Lucia* was repeated on Monday.

On Tuesday Mad. Grisi gave the second of her Farewell Performances, when she chose *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she was assisted by Signor Tiberini (Gennaro), Signor Ronconi (Duke

Alfonso), and Mad. Nantier-Didié (Maffeo Orsini). Mad. Grisi acted with all her wonted vigour and grandeur as the terrible Duchess of Ferrara, one of her truest and most powerful assumptions. She sang, too, now and then with incredible ease and purity, always exhibiting her immense power and energy, and not unfrequently revealing bright glimpses of her past glories. Signor Tiberini came too directly into comparison with Mario to please universally. His Gennaro, indeed, was less liked than his Fernando, Arturo, Elvino, or Edgardo. Mad. Nantier-Didié exhibited her usual intelligence and artistic qualities as the dashing, high-spirited young noble, Maffeo Orsini, and was encored in the *brindisi*. Signor Ronconi's Alfonso was a masterly delineation throughout, and the scene with the duchess in the palace was not to be surpassed for subtlety or real tragic force. His denouncement of the duchess in the poison scene was worthy of Edmund Kean.

*Edgardo Tell* was repeated on Thursday, and *Sonnambula* will be given to night for the third time with Mlle. Patti. On Monday, Signor Mario will make his first appearance this season as Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere*—certainly one of his most finished and exquisite performances—with Mad. Miolan-Carvalho as Rosina, Signor Ronconi as Figaro, Signor Tagliafico as Don Basilio, and Signor Ciampi—his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera—as Doctor Bartolo. This indeed will be an interesting representation. R.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—(From "The Times").—Probably since the first institution of the Philharmonic Society its concerts have never enjoyed a higher share of public esteem than now. Just at the time of the involuntary secession of forty members of the band, for years associated with its successes—but no longer able to partake in them, in consequence of an arbitrary arrangement at the Royal Italian Opera, which leaves not a single Monday open during the Philharmonic season—the performances seem to be imbued with new life and vigour. Instead of six concerts, to which the *maximum* was reduced last season, the old number, "eight," has been restored, and with such encouraging results that next season—1862, the jubilee of the society—the directors are enabled to offer a bonus to their patrons. The following announcement was circulated with the programmes of Monday evening:—

"The subscribers to the Philharmonic Society's Concerts and the public are respectfully informed that it is intended to mark the year 1862 as a peculiar epoch in the annals of the society, that year being its 50th anniversary. The jubilee will be distinguished by offering to the subscribers, after the eighth concert, a complimentary concert, to be held in a locality adapted to the performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers."

Thus, as we have frequently maintained, it is possible to find more than one first-class instrumental orchestra in this vast and decidedly musical metropolis. Time out of mind the interests of the Philharmonic Society—the oldest and most respectable institution of its kind in this country—have been consulted by managers of theatrical establishments, and the nights of Philharmonic Concerts invariably held sacred, the members of the band being allowed to send deputies anywhere on such occasions. But things are greatly changed, and before the commencement of the present season, had come to such a pass that fears were entertained for the very existence of the society. The majority of the band were compelled, greatly against their inclination, and manifestly against their interests, to decline the annual engagement proffered them at the accustomed period; and, as it was thought, no alternative remained to the Philharmonic but to change its ordinary night of performance from Monday to Wednesday, or resign its place among the musical institutions of Great Britain. Happily (which has not always been the case) there was a certain spirit of resolution in the actual directorate that rebelled against either alternative. To change the night, it was argued, and with excellent reason, would be suicidal; to dissolve would, under the circumstances, be pusillanimous. The issue of much and serious deliberation was, that, instead of abandoning their evening, the directors persistently retained the Monday, to which, for half a century,

subscribers had been accustomed; and, in place of dissolving, increased the number of their concerts. The difficulty about the orchestra was speedily solved. Professor Sterndale Bennett, one of the greatest musicians of our day, was not a likely man to be put in a corner for want of a band. The elements, too, were immediately available; and a new body of instrumentalists was engaged, which, as the execution of the symphonies and overtures this season has triumphantly shown, is in no respect inferior to its predecessor. The concerts began, as usual, with a liberal subscription, which, had the nights of performance been altered, would, in all likelihood, have been diminished at least one-half (such is the force of habit among musical amateurs, as among all other classes of the community); the band had scarcely got to the end of one symphony when it was unanimously praised; and long before the programme had been gone through, it seemed to be utterly forgotten that there had been any difficulties whatever connected with the resumption of the Philharmonic Concerts. Concert after concert has only increased the satisfaction of subscribers, and—it is but justice to Professor Bennett to add—the discipline of the band. Now in the zenith of the musical season, the honoured institution which was the first to reveal to us in England the treasures of instrumental harmony—for which Cherubini, Clementi, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, expressly composed orchestral symphonies—and which introduced no less a genius than the author of *Der Freischütz* to our public, holds its head as proudly as at any period since the year in which it was first projected. The concert on Monday night—sixth of the 49th season—was magnificent in every respect; and the audience were enraptured alike with the selection of music and with the excellence of the performance.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The sixth concert (on Monday night) was one of the best ever given by the society. The symphony of Haydn, in G (letter V) with which it began, was quite a treat, and not at all “rococo,” as some have asserted who are themselves more or less “rococo,” in an age when certain enthusiasts want us to swallow the music destined for another (the “music of the future”). The second symphony—Beethoven’s No. 4 (in B flat)—was a treat in another sense. Both were admirably played, and both heartily enjoyed. The overtures—Mendelssohn’s fiery *Ruy Blas* and Rossini’s brilliant *Siège de Corinthe*—were equally acceptable and equally well played. Professor Bennett may fairly be congratulated on the high position already universally accorded to his new band in musical circles. Spohr’s violin concerto No. 7 (in E minor) was capably played by Mr. Blagrove, who had already a year previous (at one of the concerts of the Musical Society of London) made its great merits known to the public. The vocal music was all excellent, although a trifle lengthy for a concert programme, including six long instrumental pieces. Signor Belletti gave a scene from *Euryante*, superbly; Mlle. Parepa, the magnificent scene of Spohr, “*Si lo sento*,” magnificently; Miss Lascelles Mozart’s ever fresh and melodious “*Non più di fiori*” (clarinet *obbligato* Mr. Williams) as admirably as could be wished; and the three joined in a delicious trio from *Così fan Tutte*. The feature of most interest in the concert, however, first because the least familiar, secondly, because the work of an English composer, thirdly, because performed by an English pianist, fourthly and lastly, because of its intrinsic worth as a production of the highest genius and skill, was Sterndale Bennett’s second pianoforte concerto (in E flat), played by Miss Arabella Goddard. Of this work a morning contemporary (*The Times*) says:—

“The novelty—for that which has not been heard for more than twenty years may fairly be regarded as a novelty—was the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the second of the four which Professor Bennett has published, and of the six he is known to have composed and played in public. This masterpiece—and it is nothing less, though more than a quarter of a century old—sounded as fresh, and spontaneous as if it had been written yesterday, a proof, if proof were wanting, that it is a work of genius, and that nothing but its uncommon difficulty could have prevented it (long ere this) from becoming a stock piece in the pianist’s repertory, and as generally popular as it is eminently beautiful. The audience on Monday night listened to movement after movement with marked attention, charmed in an equal measure with the force and energy of the *allegro*, the expressive grace of the *adagio*, and the fire and vivacity of the finale, a sort of *mouvement de chasse*, no

less strikingly original than brilliant and animated. Their satisfaction at the end was exhibited in loud and unanimous applause, which did not cease until the performer (Miss Arabella Goddard, whose predilection for the music of Sterndale Bennett—whose champion before the English public she has long felt proud to be—began with her earliest public career, and who played as if her whole soul was in the difficult task she had undertaken) reappeared in the orchestra. We have long regarded the pianoforte concertos of Professor Bennett as the nearest things of their class to the unsurpassable examples bequeathed us by the great masters, and were never more fully confirmed in this belief than on the present occasion, when one of the best of them was revived with such signal success.”

We consider the revival of this concerto, after an interval of nearly twenty years, an event sufficiently important to justify us in reproducing one or two other opinions from the contemporary press. *The Daily News* writes as follows:—

“The chief interest of the evening, however, was excited by the two solo instrumental pieces, which placed in a strong light the genius and talent of an English musician. Sterndale Bennett’s concerto in E flat is one of his early compositions, written when he was a young man, and yet it is well entitled to a place among the works of the greatest masters. It is exceedingly difficult, demanding a pianist of the very highest powers; and such a performer it found in Miss Arabella Goddard. The fair pianist evidently played *con amore*. We never heard her exert herself more strenuously or more successfully. Her whole performance was a display of power which could not have been surpassed by any performer in Europe. The audience listened with breathless attention, followed, at the close, with demonstrations of enthusiasm in which the *habitués* of the Philharmonic Concerts indulge only on very great occasions. The room rang with applause, which continued long after Miss Goddard had retired from the orchestra, and brought her back to repeat her acknowledgements. Of course the applause was directed partly to the composer, who, however, seemed to take none of it to himself.”

Of Miss Arabella Goddard’s playing *The Morning Post* speaks as subjoined:—

“Miss Arabella Goddard’s performance of Sterndale Bennett’s concerto in E flat was one of those wondrous displays of instrumental executancy which can only be heard from the greatest artists when the god of music completely possesses them. More perfect pianoforte-playing it were impossible to imagine; unless anything better than unerring mechanism, tone of the richest and most sympathetic kind, and feeling warm and chaste as the first love of girlhood could be conceived. If Miss Arabella Goddard had done no more than “sing” as she did upon her piano the simply beautiful theme of the slow movement of Professor Bennett’s concerto, we should be justified in describing her as a transcendently great artist; but this was only part of a performance which was equally great throughout; for the portions which demanded rapidity of finger, force, or playful elegance, were quite as admirably given as the sentimental movement, to which we have specially alluded only because it is so simple, and therefore so dependent upon poetical feeling, the source of all musical beauty, for its effect. Miss Arabella Goddard was unanimously applauded on every possible occasion, and recalled enthusiastically into the orchestra at the termination of her performance.”

The above encomiums were thoroughly well earned by the young and richly gifted lady, who never more nobly exhibited her love for genuine art, or more triumphantly asserted her supremacy as a pianist. The enthusiasm of the audience, both for the music of Sterndale Bennett and the playing of Miss Goddard, was of a nature not to be mistaken. It was a success “*hors ligne*.”

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—In the height of the season these admirable concerts—which more than any other help to make winter and spring supportable to the numberless amateurs of good music in our metropolis—are apt to be neglected by those whose task it is to report on public entertainments. In revenge, however, St. James’s Hall never fails to be crowded with an intelligent audience whenever a “Monday Popular Concert” occurs. At the last but one, when Mr. Sims Reeves took his benefit, the hall could have accommodated half as many again as were able to obtain seats; and on Monday night, when the name of M. Vieuxtemps was at the head of the bills, a vast audience assembled to bid adieu to the great and truly “classical” violinist whose performances gave such *éclat* to the earlier months

of the present year. In securing the services of the accomplished Belgian artist—one of the absolute emperors of the fiddle, who is not only conversant with all the Italian masters from Tartini to Paganini, but has Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn at his fingers' ends—Mr. Arthur Chappell, the indefatigable director of the Monday Popular Concerts, rendered both the musical public and himself an inestimable service. M. Vieuxtemps has performed at almost every concert since January, and with a success always increasing. So thorough and legitimate a master, indeed, was here precisely suited. Nothing being unknown to him in the library of chamber music, and his executive powers being in this respect unlimited, he was just the man for the work—the right man, in short, in the right place; and amateurs will be doubtless pleased to learn that a fresh engagement has been entered into with M. Vieuxtemps to lead the Monday Popular Concerts next season. As the concert of Monday night was in his name, we may take it for granted that the programme was of his selection, in which case he may fairly be complimented. A richer or more varied selection than the following could hardly be desired:—

PART I.—Posthumous Quartet in B flat, No. 13; Beethoven. Song, "Name the glad day;" Dussek. Song, "Dalla sua pace;" Mozart. Sonata, "Il trillo del Diavolo;" Tartini.

PART II.—Märchen (Legend) for violin and pianoforte; Vieuxtemps. Song, "I arise from dreams of thee;" Howard Glover. Song, "Ah! why do we love?" G. A. Macfarren. Trio, in D minor, No. 1; Mendelssohn.

Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Associated with M. Vieuxtemps were Herr Ries (2d violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello); and, with such accomplished "helps," it was not astonishing that the so-called "posthumous" quartet of Beethoven (which is not "posthumous," the only quartets published after the death of the composer being those in A minor and F major, Ops. 130 and 133) should be given to absolute perfection. It was the first time this colossal work had been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, where, nevertheless, nearly all the seventeen quartets of Beethoven—to say nothing of his quintets, trios, and sonatas—have been played; and its success was in proportion with its extraordinary merits. The *scherzo* was encored and repeated; the same compliment being paid to the *cavatina*, but wisely declined; and this, too, in a work which takes very little short of three-quarters of an hour in performance. M. Vieuxtemps never achieved a more genuine triumph, and had never better cause to be gratified at his success, the medium being one of the profoundest inspirations of the profoundest of instrumental composers. We need not descant upon M. Vieuxtemps' marvellous execution of the *Devil's Sonata* (so termed) of Tartini, nor upon the admirable manner in which Mad. Vieuxtemps plays the pianoforte accompaniment; nor is it requisite to say more of the very charming composition at the beginning of Part II., and of Mendelssohn's incomparable trio at the end, than that the pianoforte part in both pieces was magnificently sustained by Miss Arabella Goddard. The enthusiastic applause bestowed upon M. Vieuxtemps was a sign of the estimation in which he is held by the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts. A more hearty "adieu" could not have been accorded to an artist of high repute. It was possibly the more marked in consequence of its being generally known that this was M. Vieuxtemps' last appearance in London for the season.

A word must suffice for the vocal music. Miss Banks has more than once earned laurels by her intelligent singing in Dussek's very popular canzonet "Name the glad day," and in Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" The "Dalla sua pace" of Mr. Sims Reeves has long been noted for its truly Mozartean purity; while Mr. Howard Glover's romantic and beautiful setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," when sung with such exquisite feeling and refinement as by this gentleman, is invariably encored, as it was on the present occasion. Mr. Benedict was accompanist, and proved himself, as usual, a "nonpareil" in this department.

For the next performance (the 62nd since the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts), M. Wieniawski is to be violinist, and Herr Nicholas Rubinstein (brother to the well-known Anton Rubinstein) pianist.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The repetition of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, on the 24th May, was in every respect as successful as the previous performance. The choruses, one and all, were again marked by wonderful energy and precision, the "Hailstone" chorus again eliciting an encore; the duet, "The Lord is a man of war" (Messrs. Belletti and Santley), and tenor solo, "The enemy said" (Mr. Sims Reeves), being also repeated. However we may condemn encores in general, there are some exceptions with which we can hardly quarrel; and when Mr. Reeves sings the air just named, which is really irresistible. As before, Miss Parepa and Mad. Sainton-Dolby highly distinguished themselves as the principal female vocalists; and although to Miss Banks there fell nothing more than a share in the duet with the first-named lady, still the little she had to do was so well done as to justify unqualified praise. All credit, too, must be given to Mr. Wilbye Cooper for efficiency in the second tenor music.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at St. James's Hall have so far proved eminently attractive. The four sonatas introduced at the second "Recital," on the 24th, were those in C minor, No. 1; in F major, No. 2; in D major, No. 3 (all Op. 10); and the sonata (*Patetica*) in C minor, Op. 13. That the first-named bears more than an occasional resemblance to the celebrated pianoforte sonata in C minor of Mozart, is well known to most connoisseurs; but that there is yet throughout equal evidence of originality, both in thought and treatment, is a fact no less patent. In the D major sonata, however, Beethoven asserts all his grandeur; the contrast between the touching solemnity of the *largo*, the sprightly character of the *minuetto*, and vigour of the *rondo finale* being in every way remarkable. Mr. Charles Halle's style of performance is so well known as to require no comment from us beyond mentioning that all four sonatas were again played without book. Mr. Santley afforded rest to the instrumentalist and gratification to the audience, by singing "The Shepherd's Lay" of Mendelssohn, and Schubert's song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," both in his best manner.

M. SAINTON'S SOIREE.—The third of these admirable reunion came off on Wednesday, of all days in the year, the Derby-day, which, nevertheless, seemed to have had no effect on the customary attendance, which was as numerous and elegant as usual. The programme comprised Haydn's quartet in G, Op. 77, No. 1; Beethoven's trio in B flat, Op. 97; Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor; with pianoforte and violin solos, and songs by Signor Gardoni and Miss Marian Moss. M. Sainton was assisted in the quartets by MM. Bezeth, Webb, and Paque, who rendered full justice to the two works, that of Mendelssohn, especially—one of the most original and exciting compositions ever written for the four instruments—creating, even in the bosoms of placid ladies, an emotion not to be concealed. M. Sainton played, for his solo, his own *Fantasia Ecossaie*, one of the most showy pieces dedicated to the fiddle for a long time, and which was executed with wonderful finish and skill. M. W. Cusins was the pianist, and in addition to his share in Beethoven's trio, performed Chopin's "Berceuse" and Schubert's "Valse Caprice," with great dexterity and neatness. Signor Gardoni sang Beethoven's "Adelaida" with genuine expression, and Miss Marian Moss, despite a cold which severely affected her, got through Schubert's "Ave Maria" most creditably. Herr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied the vocal music.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was given last night, with Herr Formes as the Prophete.

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